

A Hardener of Steel.

MOLYBDENITE, chiefly found in Tasmania, is used for a variety of purposes, but its principal value is in the manufacture of steel, to which it gives a hardness and toughness that makes the steel suitable for use in propeller shafts, guns and boilers.

Articles of Home Interest Are Found Daily on This Page



Magazine Page



This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the birth of Robert Morris, who did much to make the Revolution a success by advancing money when the fortunes of the colonies were at a low ebb. To the shame of the United States he spent more than three years in a debtor's prison at the age of 64.

The Heart Breaker

Mildred Asks Honora Bluntly if She Is in Love with Arthur, and Her Sister Gives Her

A Sharp Answer.

CHAPTER XXXIV.
It was quite dark when Arthur Bruce and Honora Brent turned into the street on which the girl lived. "I am not coming in now," Arthur remarked. "I have talked freely to you, and there cannot be anything disconcerting in my telling you that I got a note from Milly this morning."

"Yes," Honora rejoined. "I know she wrote to you. She told me so."

"Did she tell you what she wrote?"

"She mentioned that she had suggested your calling before long, or something of that kind."

Honora did not wish to be questioned too closely on this point. She must be loyal to her sister.

"Her note was very kind," Arthur admitted. "She wrote in a way that made me feel that she cared for my friendship."

When the pair reached the gate, the man asked a question with which his companion knew it was of importance to him.

"Do you suppose I might run in and see Milly this evening after dinner?"

"I am sure you may," Honora said. "I do not think she has any engagement for tonight. If she has, I will have her telephone to you. But, struck with sudden trepidation, 'I will have to tell her that I have seen you—if I am to make an appointment for you for this evening.'"

"Do you mind her knowing you have been here?" Arthur asked, surprised.

Being a man, he was incapable of suspecting that the woman he loved could be jealous of the sister whom he did not love.

"Oh, no—that's all right," Honora assured him hastily. "I will tell her about our walk. Good-by."

Not an Easy Matter.

She had spoken as if telling about the walk would be an easy matter. But she shrank from the ordeal.

Honora went into the kitchen, where Katie was busy preparing dinner.

"Where is Miss Mildred?" she queried.

"She's in her room, I guess," Miss Honora, the maid answered. "She came home quite a while ago and wanted you, and seemed kinder put about because you was still out."

When Honora entered her own room, she found it dark, but by the dim light from the windows she saw Mildred lying on her bed.

"What's the matter, dear, the older girl asked. 'Aren't you well?'"

"I have a headache, and there was nobody to speak to, so I lay down here alone. I have had a very doleful hour all by myself."

"That's too bad," Honora sympathized.

She did not turn on the light, but in the darkness, removed her hat and jacket and put them away in the closet.

"I took the trouble to come home by way of your office," Mildred complained, "but you were gone. So was Mr. Pearson. The office boy said you had gone out at four o'clock, so I supposed you'd be at home. Where were you?"

"I went for a walk."

The words were uttered boldly, but the speaker felt as if she were

By Virginia Terhune
Van de Water

confessing a misdemeanor. She was prepared for the next inquiry, and it came promptly.

"Who went with you?"

"I went with Arthur," Honora said.

A Pertinent Question.

Then she waited in silence for the dreaded comment. It did not follow immediately, but, when it did, it was in the form of a question that was so crude that it made her start violently.

"Are you in love with him, Honora?"

The older girl sprang from the chair in which she had just seated herself.

"I had hardly expected as coarse a question as that from you, Milly. It is also rude and unkind—since, as you know, Arthur is in love with you."

"He seems to be, doesn't he?" was the sneering comment. "First he writes to you on the sly, then he meets you clandestinely—and yet he pretends to me that he cares for me. I suppose he told you this afternoon that he loved you, didn't he?"

Honora lost control of her temper for the moment.

"Mildred!" she exclaimed. "If you can say any more except insulting things I decline to talk to you until you are in a different mood. If it were not that I have a message for you I would refuse to mention Arthur Bruce in your presence. As it is, he wanted me to tell you that he is coming to see you this evening."

"I won't see him!"

"Then telephone him to that effect!" her sister commanded, turning on her with a gesture that, even in the dusk, Mildred could see was one of anger. "But let me warn you that if you refuse to see Arthur Bruce you will defeat your own aims. You spoke of wanting Arthur, didn't you?—you need not deny it! I would not remind you of this if you had not driven me to it."

"Well, since that is the case, I may as well tell you that he wants you much more than you want him. That is why he wrote to me asking if he might see me alone this afternoon. He wanted me to tell him frankly if there was a chance of his coming with you—if he had a right to ask you to wait for him until he was able to marry you."

She had poured out her words in an angry torrent, and now stopped, breathless. Mildred sat up straight and said, "And you?" she asked eagerly.

"What did you say, Honora?"

"I said that if a girl loved a man she would be willing to wait for him. Oh, bitterly, 'don't be afraid! I committed you to nothing!'"

And then, overcome by her unaccustomed rage, Honora Brent burst into tears.

(To Be Continued.)

Smart, Inexpensive Waists

Republished by Permission of Good Housekeeping, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine.



The good-wearing, plainly-made waist of white batiste you will find at the left above, with collar and cuffs of dimity for a touch of trimming.

She who finds a high neck becoming will like the model of Buster Brown persuasion at the right, of blue or pink checked organdy with a taffeta tie.

Diseased Teeth a Menace

MANY TROUBLES TRACEABLE TO THEM.

By Brice Belden, M. D.

LOCALIZED areas in the jaws filled with disease germs, heart, where no natural drainage is possible, account for many cases of heart disease, joint affections and stomach ulcers.

The absorption of poisonous products (toxins) from this organism, called the Streptococcus viridans, kept up continuously, finally breaks down resisting power, and the individual deteriorates. If the organisms themselves migrate and reach the heart, joints or lining of the stomach, definite organic disease frequently results.

By means of the X-ray it is possible to see the local destruction in an infected area and to infer the character of the infection.

Very often the possibility of disease in the neighborhood of the teeth is not thought of until a patient presents himself to a physician with an already established heart affection, or with what he may think is rheumatism, or with stomach symptoms indicative of infection in that quarter.

The chief infecting organism in these cases is known to be a germ called the Streptococcus viridans.

In all such cases where the cause of the condition is obscure the teeth Streptococcus viridans is at the bottom of the trouble, no treatment will be of much avail that does not include attention to the jaws, or rather to that spongy portion of the jaws known as the alveolar process, in which the teeth are set.

These infections begin in the dead

pulp tissue of a tooth and finally affect the end of the tooth root, forming a gummy tumor adherent to the root which, as it grows, destroys the alveolar structure we have mentioned and permits the Streptococcus viridans to colonize in large numbers. Strange to say, no pain usually attends this process.

If in dealing with a tooth in which the pulp is devitalized all organic matter is not removed and the canal of the root sterilized and hermetically sealed, infection of the sort described is directly invited, for at the end of the root there are little openings called foramina.

When from any cause dead pulp exists in a tooth the necessity of treating it properly is apparent in the light of what has been said. Dentistry involving unnecessary occlusion of pulp is to be condemned.

After the ends of the roots have been filled, the X-ray is useful in revealing how successful the operation has been.

It is not only a question of conserving teeth, but of guarding the general health and even the lives of people.

Forensic Skill.

Judge—Are you positive the prisoner is the man who stole the horse?

Witness—I was, your lordship, till that lawyer cross-examined me. He made me feel I stole it myself!

VERNON McNUTT GETS INTO TROUBLE AGAIN

By FONTAINE FOX.



ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX
Why Did She Mock Him?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am seventeen and have been going about with a very handsome man of twenty-three for about two years. Of course, we have been no more than friends.

The other day I received a very eloquent letter expressing his love for me. He never had given me cause to think seriously of him. I answered in a mocking letter, making him realize I took the matter as a joke. Only she copies it literally. Her handwriting is scarcely legible and discloses habitual carelessness; she never gives any facts, but follows the form of a letter of application she found in a book. She rarely ever varies her letters of application, and no doubt they are just like hundreds of others that the firm gets.

When she calls somewhere to apply in person for a job she is never particular about calling on time. If she is supposed to call at 9 o'clock she will surely be there at 10. But never before. She gives as her excuse that there will be dozens of girls there, anyhow, and there's no use waiting in the office, when she might just as well have that extra sleep home.

Her whole attitude toward getting a job is really very haphazard. Sometimes she pins her faith in employment agencies for a brief period. Then she spends her mornings in waiting, or making what calls are offered her. But in the afternoon, in order to make up for the morning's disappointments, she invariably goes to the movies, or the vaudeville, with some similarly-minded searchers for jobs.

And finally, Margaret's a bit fastidious about jobs. She won't work in any establishment that does not have a pleasant attitude on the subject of hours. She won't punch a time clock. She won't work under a woman. She won't work where there are many other girls.

In her mind's eye she has visions of an ideal job that she means to secure some day. She will be "important," but have no heavy responsibilities. She will be allowed to come in at any hour of the morning without reprimand, and take days off whenever she feels like it without having to account for herself. Her salary, of course, will be larger than that enjoyed by any of her girl friends. She will be prosperous, well-dressed, much envied.

Margaret's case is extreme. There aren't many girls who have so much trouble getting a job, because there aren't so many girls with so many self-imposed handicaps. Most girls have only one or two.

With a little honest self-examination it's easy to discover why it takes time to get a job. There's always a reason somewhere. Don't get despondent, therefore, or think

Admits Unwise Conduct.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am twenty-four and deeply in love with a man considerably older than myself. We both work in the same place. What I would like to know is, Am I acting right in making love and kissing this man in the store whenever the chance permits, knowing that I am seen by different employees?

M. S. W.

Emphatically not. Even if you are engaged to this man you should have only formal relations with him in the store, whether there are onlookers or not. I think you will do well to turn over an entirely new leaf.

Shall She Return His Gifts?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am deeply in love with a young man two years older than me, and I am sure my love is reciprocated. Recently we had a quarrel, and I wish you would please advise me if it is proper to return the presents he gave to me.

If your quarrel is permanent and can't be patched up, which I hope is not the case, you will have no other course than to return your lover's presents; but have you tried to "make up"?

Why She Can't Get a Job

THIS TYPE OF GIRL DOESN'T REALLY CARE

By Eleanor Gilbert.

MARGARET can't get a job. She's answered hundreds of advertisements, made dozens of calls, haunted the agencies—but she can't get a job. She's been looking for one for months, and she's getting discouraged. She sees many other girls with less experience eventually land in some satisfactory place, but she's unlucky. So she says:

"But if you were to investigate the details of her job hunting without any sentiment and without prejudice, you might be able to enlighten her. When she complains bitterly about getting no answer when she replies to advertisements for help you might be able to point out to her that she doesn't know how to write an intelligent letter of application."

Her handwriting is scarcely legible and discloses habitual carelessness; she never gives any facts, but follows the form of a letter of application she found in a book. Only she copies it literally. She rarely ever varies her letters of application, and no doubt they are just like hundreds of others that the firm gets.

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With a little honest self-examination it's easy to discover why it takes time to get a job. There's always a reason somewhere. Don't get despondent, therefore, or think

Wrote an Editor—

We began the publication of the Rocky Mountain Cyclopedia with some plow duplicitous in the way. The type plowman whom we bought our outfit prior to this printing office phoned to supply us with any copy or copy, and it will be plow or plow we before we can get any.

We have ordered the missing letters, and will have to get along without them till they come. We don't mind the loss of the letters, but spelling any better than our readers; but mistaiks will happen in the best of regulated phillamies, and if the c's and x's and q's hold out, we shall keep on the "hard" the "Cyclopedia" whirling another phantasm till the sorts arrive. It's no joke to us; it's a serious affair.

China and the Bean.

The bean plays an important part in Chinese domestic economy, and one of the specially desired qualifications of the Chinese nation, throughout the northern provinces, is her ability to concoct from beans—green, black, and yellow—several staple dishes.

The bean seldom appears on the Chinese table, however, it is not considered as fit for food until it has been reduced to its essence and put up in the form of bean curd, or bean gelatine, which are for sale in every roadside food-shop of northern China.

The art of producing these nourishing foods, which are the meat of the poor, is to the rural Chinese woman what the making of butter, cheese, and jam is to the Occidental housewife. In the large cities bean manipulation of that sort is a craft and a commercial activity, just as the making of jam and butter is in the large cities of the West; but it can scarcely be called an industry, since it is still quite without organization. The beans must be crushed, soaked, baked, boiled and strained before the essences appear.

The Club-Footed Man

A NEW SPY SERIAL BY VALENTINE WILLIAMS
Francis Visits Inn Near the Castle and Makes Arrangement to Get Job As Beater at Coming Hunt

(Synopsis of Previous Chapters.)
Desmond O'Connell, British army officer, goes to Germany in search of his brother, Francis, a member of the British secret service, who is supposed to be a man named Semlin, a German Government agent, drops dead in his room. Desmond appropriates Semlin's papers and assumes his identity. He reaches Berlin without incident and is conducted into the residence of General von Boden, an aide of the Kaiser. Desmond, having convinced von Boden he really Semlin, is introduced into the residence of the Kaiser. Later he receives a cipher message from his brother, Francis, who explains to him the situation. Desmond assumes Semlin's identity. He is a mystery to her.

The amateur spy is forced to see from his hiding place that he is in Berlin. He goes to a secret agent who disguises him and gets him a job as waiter. The Kaiser's residence, Clubfoot and agents, but Desmond escapes by a ruse. He flees to Dusseldorf where he finds his brother.

CHAPTER XVII.

Francis Takes Up the Narrative.
I saw the lights flash up in the room. I heard Desmond cry out: "Grunt!" Instantly I flung myself flat on my face in the flower bed, lest Desmond's shout might have alarmed the soldiers about the fire. But no one came; the gardens remained dark and damp and silent, and I heard no sound from the room in which I knew my brother to be, in the clutches of that man.

Desmond's cry pulled me together. It seemed to arouse me from the lethargy into which I had sunk during all these months of danger and disappointment. It shook me into life. If I was to save him, not a moment was to be lost. Clubfoot would act swiftly, I knew, so must I. But first I must find out what the situation was, the meaning of Clubfoot's presence in Morica's house, of those soldiers in the park. And, above all, was Monica herself at the castle?

I had noticed a little estaminet place on the road, about a hundred yards before we reached the Schloss. I might, at least, be able to pick up something there. According, I stole across the garden, scaled the wall again and reached the road in safety.

The estaminet was full of people, British-looking peasants swilling neat spirits, cattle drovers and the like. I stood up, and ordered a double noggin of Korn—a raw spirit made in these parts from potatoes, very potent but not pure. A man in corduroys and leggings was leaning at the bar, a bluff sort of chap, who read—

"I am staying at Clevel," I said, "and I'm out of a job. I am now long from hospital, and they've discharged me from the army. I wouldn't mind earning a few marks as a beater, and I'd like to see the sport. I used to do a bit of shooting myself down on the Rhine where I come from."

The man shrugged his shoulders and shook his head. "That's none of my business, getting the beater together," he replied. "Besides, I shall have the head gamekeeper after me if I go bringing strangers in. I ordered another drink for both of us, and won the man round without much difficulty. He pounced my five marks and announced that would manage it. The Frau Grafin was to see some men who had offered their services as beaters after dinner at the castle that evening. He would take me along."

Half an hour later I stood, as one of a group of shaggy and bedraggled rustics, in a big stone courtyard outside the main entrance to the castle. The head gamekeeper, a man of middle age, with a bidding us follow him, led the way under a vaulted gateway, through a massive door into a small lobby which had apparently been built into the great hall of the castle, for it opened right into it.

We found ourselves in a splendid old feudal hall, oak-lined and raftered, with lines of dusty banners just visible in the twilight reigning in the upper part of the hall. The modern generation had forbidden to desecrate the fine old room with electric light, and massive silver candelsticks shed a soft light on the table set at the far end of the hall, where dinner, apparently, was just at an end.

Three people were sitting at the table, a woman at the head, even before I had taken in the details I have just set down. I knew that was Monica, though her back was toward me. On one side of the table was a big, heavy man whom I recognized as Clubfoot. On the other side a pale slip of a lad in officer's uniform with only one arm.

Schmalz, no doubt.

A servant said something to Monica, who, asking a permission of her companions by a gesture, left the table and came across the hall. To my surprise, she was dressed in deepest black with linen cuffs. Her face was pale and set, and there was a look of fear and suffering in her eyes that wrung my very heart.

I had shuffled into the last place of the row in which the head keeper had ranged his staff. The time I had had in Germany had altered my appearance, I dare say, and I must have looked pretty rough with my three days' beard and muddy clothes.

"Ah!" she said, with all her languor de grande dame, "you are the man of whom Heinrich spoke. You have just come out of hospital. I think."

"Beg the Frau Grafin's pardon," I mumbled out in the thick patois of the Rhine which I had learnt at Bonn, "I served with the Herr Graf in Galicia, and I thought maybe the Frau Grafin."

She stopped me with a gesture.

"Herr Doktor?" she called to the dinner table.

"By jove! this girl had grit; her pluck was splendid."

Clubfoot came stamping over, all smiles after his food and smoking a long cigar that smelt delicious.

"Frau Grafin!" he queried, glancing at me.

"This is a man who served under my husband in Galicia. He is ill and out of work, and wishes me to help him. I should wish, therefore, to see him in my sitting-room, if you will allow me."

"But Frau Grafin, most certainly. There surely was no need."

"Johann!" Monica called, "take this man into the sitting-room!"

The servant led the way across the hall into a snugly furnished library with a dainty writing-desk and pretty rhinost curtains. Monica followed and sat down at the desk.

"Now tell me what you wish to say," she began in German as the servant left the room, but almost as soon as she had done she was on her feet, clasping my hands.

"Francis!" she whispered in English in a great sob, "oh, Francis! what have they done to you to make you look like that?"

ly entered into conversation. A casual question of mine about the game conditions elicited from him the information that he was an underkeeper at the castle. It was a busy time for them, he told me, as four big shoots had been arranged. The first was to take place the next day. There was a lot of birds, and he thought the Frau Grafin's guests ought to be satisfied.

I asked him if there was a big beat, staying at the castle. No, he told me, only one gentleman besides the officer billeted there, but a lot of people were coming over for the shoot the next day, the officers of the army, and a number of farmers from round about.

"I expect you will find the soldier billeted at the castle useful as a beater," I suggested.

The man assented. "Gamekeepers are first-class rustlers. But the soldiers were not many. For his part he could do without them altogether. They were such terrible poachers to have about the place, he declared. But what they would do for beaters without them, he didn't know. They were very short of beaters. That was a fact."

"I am staying at Clevel," I said, "and I'm out of a job. I am now long from hospital, and they've discharged me from the army. I wouldn't mind earning a few marks as a beater, and I'd like to see the sport. I used to do a bit of shooting myself down on the Rhine where I come from."

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Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

"SAKES ALIVE!" exclaimed the farmer, who, you remember, in the last story was sitting at the rear seat of the automobile which had frightened the gray mare. "The wimen has now the upper hand!" And then his daughter, so rosy and fair, smiled at Puss and the old gray mare, and the speaker still more at the gray chauffeur who had gallantly rescued her daddy and her.

Now I meant to put these lines in verse form, but my typewriter wouldn't stop to do it, so you will have to read them over if they don't rhyme properly until you find out just where the rhymes come in.

Well, as this jolly party in the automobile drove into the town the parade was coming down the main street and pretty soon it stopped and the speeches commenced.

The farmer and the chauffeur stayed to listen, and so did the old gray mare for she was still tied by her halter to the rear of the automobile, but Puss Junior and the daughter so rosy and fair went into a candy shop to buy some sweets and missed all the speeches. But they didn't care, for they took an ice cream soda.

And after that they came back to the automobile and untied the gray mare, for the chauffeur said he would leave them as he had to take his mistress shopping.

Then the farmer bought some seeds for his farm and by this time it was time to go home. "Come along with us," said the daughter so rosy and fair, and then Puss climbed up behind and the gray mare never complained a bit, although she had a pretty heavy load with the "red" and his daughter and Little Puss Junior.

Well, she trotted along, and as no automobile came along and no raven cried croak, she didn't fall down and break her crown—I mean I must know I must have been thinking of Jack and Jill when I said that, I guess—and by and by they reached the farm.

Puss remembered it all so well—the daffodils growing in the flower garden and the sunflower along the kitchen garden fence, and the honeysuckle on the front porch and the morning glories around the back door.

And, oh, you know what a dear old comfortable farm looks like, don't you? It's a lovely place to come home to at night when the sun is going down beyond the western hills and the first faint evening star is coming up over the damp meadows and all the air is still except for a twitter here and there from the trees or a distant crow of some barnyard rooster who is saying good-night to the friendly sun.

And now, little children, good-night for in the next story it will be morning and Puss Junior will be getting out of bed.

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(To Be Continued.)

INTERESTING STORIES

Teutonic Denseness.

EX-Ambassador Gerard, whose disclosures have been so widely read, was discussing Germany. He said: "When a German begins talking about Germany's supremacy there is as unreasonable and pig-headed as the drugstore assistant who was asked by a customer one hot morning for a plain seltzer. 'What flavor?' asked the assistant. 'Vanilla, chocolate or what?' 'No flavor,' said the customer. 'A plain one, without flavor. Don't you understand?' 'Yah, I understand,' said the assistant. 'But what flavor you want him midout—midout vanilla or midout chocolate?'"

(TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW)

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